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VOL. LXVIIL

No. VIII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



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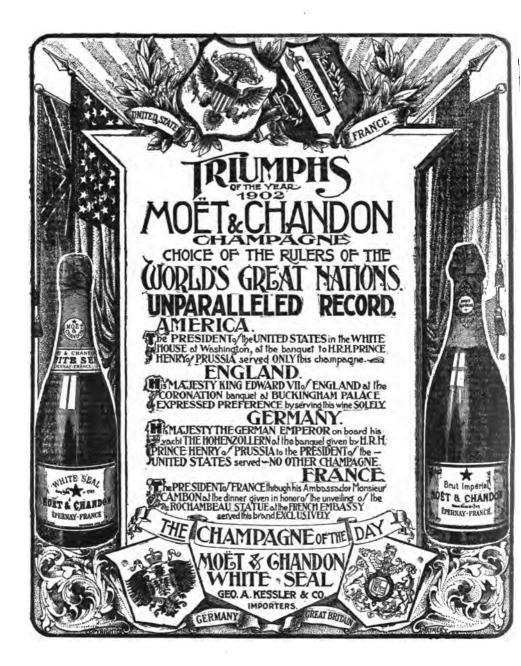
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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Sixty-Eighth Volume with the number for October, 1902. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in White Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 15th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors or their authorized agents, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store and book stores. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications with regard to the editorial management of the periodical must be addressed to Alexander Gordon, Chairman. Communications with regard to the business management, to Horatio Ford, Business Manager. Both should be sent care of The Yale Literary Magazine, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

=STRAWS=

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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXVIII

MAY, 1903

No. 8

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1904.

GERALD CHITTENDEN.

CHAUNCEY S. GOODRICH.

HORATIO FORD.

ALEXANDER GORDON.

FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

A LIVELY CORPSE.

F late years there has been a tendency among graduates and undergraduates to bewail the decline of our boasted Yale democracy. It is not so certain, however, that this democratic spirit is in reality disappearing. To be sure. the times when a man knew somewhat intimately everybody in his class have long passed. The classes are larger now, there is a greater diversity of interest, a larger number of cliques, and a less firm cohesion than there were in the "good Interclass rivalry is less enthusiastic, and thereold days." fore close organization among Freshmen in order effectively to resist inimical advances from Sophomores is no longer Perhaps this decline of class spirit is a subject for regret, but it was made necessary by the growth of the college into a university. The times of open and strenuous hostility are probably more delightful in retrospect than they ever were in actuality.

The old-fashioned democracy is as impossible to-day as are class rushes. In its place, a new sort of democracy has sprung up, and it is quite as good as the old. At Yale,

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ability, and ability alone, wins; the ability to accomplish something in an athletic, literary, or journalistic way; the ability to "catch on, hold on, hang on, and hump!"; and, more to be desired than all these, the ability to make friends. Wealth counts for nothing here; the rich man, if he is not the right sort, amounts to no more than the jelly fish. The alarmists insist, in support of their theory, that it costs more on the average to get through Yale than it ever did before. It need not. The necessities are as cheap as ever, the necessary luxuries are no more expensive. It is not only natural, but it is altogether right and proper for the rich man to spend his money freely, and the size of his expenditures need not, and in all but a very few cases does not, change his democratic attitude of mind, nor antagonize his less fortunate classmates. A snob at Yale is in the wrong place; he is utterly damned. Moreover, the rich man does not run Yale. Once in a long while he may try it, but on these rare occasions he encounters a storm of ridicule and soon sinks back again to his former mediocrity. After Freshman year, he never even tries it. Some graduates object, more or less seriously, to dormitories as handsome as Vanderbilt. But there is in these days a general prejudice in favor of baths, and the man who rooms in South Middle is apt to take his in Vanderbilt, and then spend the night there. In a community like this, the object of which is not money-making, the only proper capital is physical strength or brains. The things that money cannot buy in Yale are more numerous than in almost any other place, and are the only things of permanent worth. More often than not, the ability to acquire these honors is possessed by the poor man. To quote instances of this fact would be an insult to the intelligence and powers of observation of the college world.

There is, besides energy, one other prerequisite of success; a man must be a gentleman in the true and deepest sense of the word. He must be a good winner and a good loser. If he achieves success, he must act as if he was not aware of the fact. If he fails, he must believe, or at least appear to believe,



that a better man won. He must be capable of magnanimous friendship; must never be either sour or puffed up. If a man possesses these qualities, or only a very few of them, he will succeed at Yale even if he is more than a little uncouth. A man who has none of these characteristics may be a nonentity, or if he is afflicted with their opposites, is a "mucker," and is doomed to failure in either case. All men are not and, save in a socialistic Utopia, will never be equal. The best gift of the gods, common-sense, is too sparsely bestowed upon many for that. Let the best man win; let the others acknowledge that he is the best man; this is genuine democracy.

The University Club has been called, and is widely considered to be, the most potent factor working to oppose and destroy Yale democracy. But the club is the center of a very small portion of Yale life. Its membership is 240; the University has 2,631 students, 1,206 of whom are in the Academic department, and 753 in Sheff. Many prominent men do not belong to the club, and more who do belong are seldom seen there. Some day, when the debt is paid off, the dues will be lowered and the building enlarged to accommodate a membership which will approach that of the University. But the club will never displace the Fence for summer use.

It is on the Fence that we are all democrats. Here we rub elbows with the best and the worst, and talk with everybody about the last or the next baseball game, repeat So-and-So's latest mot, and wonder when So-and-So is coming back from Stratford. Three years ago, the Fence was no such gathering place as it is now. To-day, however, the whole college digests its supper in an attitude not so comfortable as it is picturesque. No man can like his whole class; it is altogether undesirable that he should. But most men are decently polite, and all men give full credit to the achievements of an enemy. Here, again, is democracy. Fence, your really big man,—not the small man in a big place—takes particular care to forget his honors, and to do it without outward appearance or inner consciousness of condescension. If he didn't, he would be made exceedingly uncomfortable.

Yale democracy, indeed, is a hypochondriacal old woman, who has persuaded herself that she is dying. The doctors shake their heads, and write out harmless prescriptions for her, but in their heart of hearts they know, as she does, that she is immortal. And whenever the occasion arises, she chases doctors and nurses out of doors, and revises the management of her home and family to suit herself. On the whole, we can say with Mark Twain that the reports of her death are greatly exaggerated.

Gerald Chittenden.

THE IRONY OF RECOLLECTION.

A once familiar phrase, now long unheard,
Culled in a throng, awoke me, made me turn:
A vision dim flashed by; my wish to learn
The truth about the vision and the word
Made me leave all and follow; then occurred
A shadowy chase, now free and swift, now stern,
A laboring through morass, o'er mount, through burn,
Till, brought to bay, the vision stood. Transferred
That mystic indistinctness to a clear
Fair picture; in a sun-lit forest glade,
Stood once more by me, timid as a deer,
One long forgot, a snow-white, rose-red maid;
And, as of old, the vision seemed to say,
"A love like ours can never pass away."

J. L. Houghteling, Jr.

AN ITALIAN COMPENSATION.

"In dim Casal-Frecchi,—
Dark home of my sorrows!—
I spent all my boyhood
In dungeons alone.
Now free as the sunshine
I roam ——."

PEPPINO paused for breath and a new inspiration. He was lying at full length in the shade of the grove of plane-trees which crowned Monte Carello and was looking far out over the stream-bounded meadows and richly colored slopes to the clear, smooth sea beyond. It was a sight to make anyone cry aloud and Peppino had double reason to sing; for was he not as one returned from the dead, as a blind man who sees again, who comes out of some ghastly grave into the full glorious beauty of life?

"Now free as the sunshine
I roam this great garden;—"

"Yes, a garden it is, indeed, praise God," said a voice beside him. Peppino looked up. It was the old whitebearded shepherd from the slope below, whose air of dejection and suffering had put such a damper on his gladness when he had passed a while ago. But now the old man seemed contented enough as he seated himself comfortably against the bole of a tree.

"You seem happy, good friend," he said dreamily; "but, truly, the young know how to enjoy their freedom in this good garden."

"Oh, you heard my song, did you?" laughed Peppino. "Yes, I am happy, and freedom means more to me at this moment, I should say, than any other man in the country. My rhyming just now may have told you," he went on apologetically, "that I am nothing more than a released prisoner, a poor slave that has spent ten of his best years in

the dark repenting his sins. But at last I've paid up all my debts;

"Now free as the sunshine I roam this great garden; All men are my brothers, The world is my own."

And, having at last finished his improvising to his entire satisfaction, Peppino rolled over, clapping his hands and kicking his heels in the air from pure joy. But a glance at the face of the shepherd, wrinkled and scarred with suffering, checked him.

"Your pardon, father," he said, ashamed. "My joy must be a mockery to one who is as deeply in sorrow as you seem to be."

"It is nothing," said the old man, almost angrily. Then, softening a little, he went on: "Your mention of ten years wasted has reminded me of my own ten years of suffering and waiting. I had a son once, who would have been about your age now,—and I know that he would have revelled in a day like this, just as you do; for he loved to be out-of-doors, in the woods or in the fields, God bless him! But it's a little more than ten years now since he was taken from me." The shepherd hid his face and sobbed. In a minute he looked up. "He was murdered!" he almost shouted in a paroxysm of rage, and uttered such a curse on the slayer of his son that Peppino, accustomed to the blasphemy and vindictiveness of the prisons, shuddered to his very soul.

For a long time, both sat silent. Then the barking of a dog far down on the hillside aroused the shepherd. "I must be off to my sheep," he said hastily. "Good-bye and the blessing of St. Sulpice stay with you, young gentleman." And he hobbled away.

"In dim Casal-Frecchi,—
Dark home of my sorrows!—
I spent all my boyhood—,"

began Peppino, thoughtfully, the old man's frenzy still vivid before him. But again he was interrupted. The old shepherd had only gone a few steps, had paused, and was coming back.

"Friend," he cried excitedly, "what was the name you mentioned just now?"

"Casal-Frecchi, the great prison over beyond Grattiono Maggiore there," answered Peppino in surprise. "I finished a ten years' term there only three days ago."

"Ten years in Casal-Frecchi," muttered the old man, stupidly; "did you say sheep-stealing?"

"Oh, no!" laughed Peppino, relieved, "have no fear of me on that score. I'm honest, at least. No!" he went on sadly, "my imprisonment has been more of a penance than a punishment to me, for it was brought on through a mistake, a quarrel with my dearest friend, Guiseppi."

"An accident?" suggested the old man in a suppressed tone, which Peppino was too much moved to notice.

"Yes, I struck Guiseppi Savelli harder than I knew. Poor, poor Guiseppi!" And he hid his face in his hands.

At his words the shepherd had started forward to his knees. Now a cold smile made those wrinkled features hideous. He had thrust his hand behind him; there was a gleam of steel, a thud, a groan, a gurgle; and after that, stillness. Presently the old man wiped his knife on the grass, pushed it carefully back into his belt, and hobbled away down the hill. And, as he went, he muttered to himself,

"Now free as the sunshine I roam this great garden; All men are my brothers, The world is my own."

J. L. Houghteling, Jr.

Pundit Prize Essay.

F. E. PIERCE.

INTELLECTUAL LIFE AT YALE.

O a man who comes to Yale from a quiet little New England village where these gray old universities are looked upon as something almost half-divine, it is rather startling to find how lukewarm is the general undergraduate spirit in regard to learning. I do not mean that students do not study enough. No one who has ever felt the exuberant rapture of out-door life or the warm thrill of social enjoyment would ever ask that healthy men of one-and-twenty should shut up their vigorous young manhood in the dusk of dim libraries and lonely studies. All people, professors included, look indulgently upon the youth who is a man first and a student afterward—if he has time. But the whole world does expect, and has a right to expect, that every college man will carry away from his course something which he did not have before—a sort of golden residuum of culture, which will remain after all his formulas and hexameters have vanished into thin air. A student is expected to reverence the spirit of the great poets, even if he has so many social engagements that he has no time to read his daily assignments; he is expected to reverence the great discoveries of science and mathematics, even if he is so full of athletics that he has no time to work out his problems; and any student who fails to do this fails to do his part in the world as an educated man. We expect that his discussion of certain great problems will be rather fragmentary and hazy—he is not trying to be a specialist—but, on the other hand, we do expect that his conversation will show an everincreasing breadth of purity of thought, and be able to make some definite addition to the intellectual atmosphere of society.

Now the lack of this element is exactly the evil of which we complain at Yale. We do not mean that nobody has it: we do not mean necessarily that everybody should have it: but we do say that the general atmosphere is not quite what it should be in a great university of learning. It is a mournful fact that the present writer has seen more earnest interest in the literature of the past and the statecraft of the present among little rural hamlets where people worked days and studied evenings, than he has found in one of the greatest colleges in the country. Of course, there are allowances to be made; college men are young, and it is not the young men in hamlets who do most of the reading; but still there is a widespread feeling that this present state of things is wrong. As we have said above, what we complain of is not the amount of reading but the spirit in which it is taken. We do not expect that a Sophomore will quote whole pages of Homer in Greek; but we do expect that he will sometimes express something of Homer's emotion in English. our expectations are usually vain. We hear talk enough about curriculum work: but it is chiefly confined to disastrous recitations or absences recorded at the Dean's, or else anxious interrogatories half an hour before an examination. A mercenary marriage is scarcely more repugnant to true affection than this mercenary form of study to true intellectual culture.

Now what are the causes of this condition? It is often claimed that an undue prominence of athletics is largely responsible. But a closer acquaintance with Yale life always tends to disprove this; and some of our greatest athletes have shown that strength and skill can co-exist with the most genuine love of learning. A busy athlete may sometimes neglect his books temporarily; but, we repeat, we are not talking about his grade in recitations but about his intellectuality as a man; and this is improved, rather than otherwise, by the excitement of the battle and the sense of duty and patriotism in representing his college. The athlete who is a mere mass of Philistine brawn is rarer than some people think; and

when he does exist he is what he is, not because he wears a university Y, but in spite of it. The men who now talk athletics to the total exclusion of more intellectual subjects, are men who would not talk about these other subjects if athletics were non-existent; and it is certainly better that they should think about athletics than that they should think about nothing at all.

Other alleged causes are secret societies, great social functions, and similar activities. But the same reasoning which applies to athletics applies to them. In themselves they probably are, and certainly might be, powerful instruments for good. They afford that very social good-fellowship from which the poets of the past drew their most vivid inspiration, and opportunities for that very discussion between man and man in which great thoughts most easily ripen. If these influences have not made the Yale man intellectual, if they have diverted his thoughts from deeper things, it is simply on the principle of a river which finds a great hollow in its course and flows into the pit and fills it. The trouble was not in having the river there but in having the hollow.

What, then, is the cause? No reasoning man can find it in the list above; still less can it be found in the character of the individual men. The truth seems to be that universities, like individuals, gradually form habits, both good and bad; and just as habit creeps from one molecule of a man's muscle to another and from one fiber of his brain to another, so the habits of a university creep from the retiring Senior down through the different classes to the incoming Freshmen, habits both good and bad. It is Yale's misfortune to have gradually formed this bad habit, this semi-deadness to that very thing for which the college was founded. This influence has become a tradition, a part of the place itself; it haunts our class room and social gatherings as malaria haunts a lowland.

Now if this fault is not the result of any special institution but something which has permeated—so to speak—every stone of our old buildings and every circle of our society,



then it certainly cannot be cured by any single special act. The only way to cure it is by individuals acting in sympathy together. This proposal always has an ominous sound, for a great body of individuals seldom act at all and almost never act in sympathy together. Yet such an action is possible and seems to be the only means of cure. It would be useless to form clubs for literary and similar pursuits among men not interested enough to attend. Surely there is enough individual energy here if once it were set in motion. Yale, as everyone acknowledges, has the most virile strength, the most manly vigor of any college in America, and has had this from its foundation down. Surely there is strength enough in this sturdy mass to shake off this torpor that has lain so long over one of the brightest sides of college life.

Coming down then to the hard, practical facts, we ask, "What is each separate man to do?" I think that he is to do this: He is never to preach literature and learning for the mere sake of preaching them, nor to try to drive unwilling victims into organizations for which they do not care; but whenever he speaks of these subjects he is to speak of them reverently and with genuine appreciation. He is to keep his own literary instincts keenly alive, and to spread his influence for good in the only way in which such influence can be spread, by a natural and considerate but earnest display of genuine feeling. He is to remember that blasphemy against the rules of hard work is a comparatively little thing, but that blasphemy against the spirit of intellectual life itself is the sin for which there is no forgiveness. Unsatisfactory as this answer sounds, I believe that, if put in practice, it would do more than anything else to quicken literary life at Yale: I believe that every man so doing will call out what is best in himself, and at the same time do a great benefit to his college.

In so doing, we should not only invigorate the life of the university, but we should lessen at least many evils common to this and all other colleges. Such habits as cheating in class rooms and examinations are often spoken of as diseases in themselves, but they seem to me a mere symptom of that subtler disease already alluded to. We often hear loud condemnation for people who render any assistance in these illegitimate proceedings; but I believe sincerely that the man who speaks slightingly of the value of education in itself, who treats the whole as a mere mass of dry rubbish to be cleared away as conveniently as possible, or who shows no proper respect for the men who teach it—I believe that such a man is doing far more to increase "cribbing" and all kindred evils than the soft-hearted fellow who helps his unlucky classmate out of a hole.

Perhaps our continual reiteration of "respect" and kindred terms may seem to savor too much of starched and Puritan decorum. Nothing of the kind is meant. Healthyminded young men are not supposed to spend their time in making Oriental prostrations to anything either abstract or concrete. As long as there is a genuine heartfelt feeling at bottom, it makes little difference whether it is shown by panegyrics or honest criticism or even college slang. which we draw from the oddities of an abstruse science may be in itself a truer witness of a vital interest than a twohour lecture; and the nicknames with which we christen our instructors may contain more real respect than the most sonorous titles. It is by such nicknames that soldiers have called their generals, for whom they died in battle. what we do demand is a genuine earnestness and interest in intellectual matters such as is at present altogether too rare.

We write this in no fault-finding mood. No one who has spent three years at Yale can fail to appreciate the college spirit here, its vigor, its broad democracy, its scorn of what is mean. But there is one respect in which it is below some other colleges and far below its own ideals; and in that respect we wish to see it changed. Let us all do our individual parts to accomplish this; and then perhaps some future poet, personifying our loved Mother Yale, might make her speak like this: "My children, I was old among my sages when you were on your mothers' knees; I shall be young

among my playmates when you are in your graves. I am the vigor of youth and the warmth of undying friendship; I am also the delight of lofty thought and the inexhaustible joy that comes from art and poetry. Through me you live a new life, richer and deeper than the old in heart and brain alike. I have made you members in the great brotherhood of my sons, the living, the dead, and the yet unborn. I have given you that which money could never buy; and I know that for this you will love me forever."

THE PRODIGAL.

I felt her hand, so white, so still,
I pressed her brow so cold;
With tears my dry eyes did not fill,
But only gazed, and gazing still,
Grew old.

I smoothed her locks, so thin, so gray,
I kissed her cheek, so wan,
O! why did I come back this day
To find her thus?—who called me aye
Her son.

J. F. Stimson.

THE DEVIL'S TOOL.

HE is a noble lady," the Precentor was informing the Prior. "The wife of Duc Philipe. Her child Marguerite—did you see her? A gay little cherub of eight or nine who will some day be Duchess of Normandy. They will stay in our guest-room till their escort returns this afternoon."

Their voices passed out of the cloister and Francis, in his cell, after listening eagerly for yet another word, bent over his vellum again. News of any kind was rare in the blank, narrow life of the monastery.

Then there were other steps on the corridor pavement, light steps, very light indeed, and quick. They pattered irregularly down past the row of cells where other monks were working on their script—they stopped altogether at Francis' door. Francis burned with a desire to look around, but restrained himself and lowered his brown cowl closer to the vellum. But he was listening breathlessly.

"What do you, monsieur?" The clear voice spoke at his very elbow! A child's voice! And a girl's, surely. Francis gritted his teeth and pretended to work unhearing. Silence, and then a merry little face, framed in yellow ringlets, projected itself under the edge of his hood, and deep blue eyes peered curiously up into his. The monk promptly shut his eyes in horror. "What do you in the cloister, child?" he muttered. "Know you not that Trappist monks must not look even an instant upon a woman?"

The girl regarded him in wonder and suddenly laughed gayly.

"You're looking now—through your eye-lashes!" Francis was peeping entranced upon a dimple that came and vanished and came again in her changing cheek. And those merry eyes—they were bright with a dewy love-light that called upon the beholder to smile back. "Away," whispered the monk, shaking himself. "Go away, go away. The Procura-

tor will hear us talking and this is the period for silence. I should not speak, save to pray, until Holy Mass. I have broken the rule now! Go, I beg of you!"

"I do not have to keep the rule!" she asserted imperiously. Francis bent resolutely to his work again, but he could see only a pretty figure in a red riding-habit. Marguerite raised herself on a rung of his stool to see the script and pushed aside the blotter, revealing a big red and gold initial.

"I would love to have it," she insinuated artfully, and ogled him.

"I must not give it. The Benedictine rules-"

"But I must have it!" She stamped her small foot impatiently. Evidently people usually obeyed the little Duchess.

"But the Benedictine-"

"Please, monseigneur! Please!" She rubbed velvet cheeks against his coarse sleeve and patted his hand. Francis shook his head bravely. A few minutes later, the little Duchess wandered out of the cell with the gorgeous initial tucked in her sleeve, and Francis, freed from the witchery of her presence, fell conscience-stricken to his knees, tearfully supplicating Heaven for forgiveness. But the cause of his sin danced gayly from cell to cell down the corridor and, since there were other monks visited, there were other rules broken, and her path might be traced by the trail of miscellaneous wrongdoings.

Finally as she came from a cell, she ran against the Holy Abbot himself. The Abbot was tall and majestic, with the air of stern gloom that forty years in the monastery ofttimes gave the inmates. He stared dumfounded at the child.

"By what right are you in the cloister? Away instantly!" he ordered, harshly.

Marguerite put on her most winning smile. "Let me stay," she suggested.

"Nay! Away with you! Hence!"

Her expression changed in an eye-wink's time to one of mournful pleading. "Please, Father!" It was an equal

failure. She found herself picked up bodily and not overgently, and borne, kicking and scratching, down the corridor. He left her outside a bolted door and returned to call the monks to prayers.

Marguerite strayed into the grassy cloister court, and there she met the Prior. And because she was a woman and wept pitiful tears of hurt pride beside the fountain, she lured him, and because he was only a man and was weak, she snared him. No one was looking, so while the sound of the monks chanting in the far-away chapel rose and fell softly on the summer air, he took her on his knee and talked with her, which was a venial sin, and comforted her with disparaging reflections on the Abbot and the Rules of St. Benedict, which was a mortal sin, whereby in that instant his soul was consumed in Hell. Soon she laughed and babbled as gayly as ever and the dimples came and pearly teeth flashed between red lips—and the Prior cared little for Hell or Heaven.

From the monastery gate came a loud knocking as they talked, but no one responded, though the sound continued long.

"Why do you not open?" cried Marguerite.

"It is a Postulant, my child," explained the Prior. "He would become a monk and hence he must knock at the great gate for three days or more ere we admit him to trial."

"Shame!" cried she, properly indignant. "Open now! It is hot out here in the sun."

"Nay, I must not!"

"Then I will!" she exclaimed hotly. And in an instant she was at the gate pushing back the heavy bar. A weary-faced young man started to enter with a sigh of relief, but the Prior bundled him out without ceremony and shot the bar again. Marguerite's face became a picture of injury. "Only the Abbot may admit him!" pleaded the Prior.

She seated herself daintily on the fountain coping and turned her back and raised her round chin haughtily. He stepped to the shrubbery in a buttress nook and advanced with a bouquet of roses for propitiation, in the picking of which another monastery rule was broken.

. Marguerite took them and softened and regarded him with some slight favor.

"Tell me, dear one, what can I do to make my little lady smile again?"

Marguerite glanced round the court. "Get me some cherries," she demanded, pointing to a bough that hung over the ivied wall from outside.

"I cannot reach them. And it would be stealing."

"Try!"

"No, dear one, not that."

"Try, I say!" The pretty eyebrows knit again, petulantly. He tried.

"Now, what will you do for this?" he asked craftily, as he poured the red fruit into her lap.

She looked up archly. "I'll give you a kiss! But you must wash first. Your face is all dirt. Look in the fountain pool and see!"

"I must not look on mine own image," he demurred. "And I may wash only on Sundays and Saint Days." But he did look into the fountain and washed a clean patch on one cheek, and then his soul in Hell became a thrice-charred cinder.

Three hours later in the chapter-room, when the Holy Abbot called for those who had sinned to come to the confessionals, a throng stepped forward. Marguerite had been busy. They had looked upon woman—yea, embraced her and kissed her. They had broken silence, forgotten to pray, neglected work, meditated on worldly things, even to wishing themselves free of the monastery! Some owned that they could not even feel properly penitent. The Abbot was at his wits end to devise sufficient penances.

Marguerite, dressed for travel, showed herself at the door unexpectedly, with a radiant smile that broke like a burst of yellow sunshine into the gloom.

"Farewell, good fathers," she sang sweetly. "I am going!"

"Hence!" shouted the Abbot with unlovely maledictions.

"Accursed child of Satan. You have ruined souls to-day. Away with you!"

There came a rippling laugh and with a defiant toss of golden curls she vanished. The Abbot followed into the corridor and on to the great monastery gate to make sure that she departed. When she was in the shelter of one of her own stout yeoman, they stared into each other's eyes a full minute, he with black hate and she half in glee and half in perplexity. Then as he withdrew, she thrust out her tongue saucily and laughed merrily again. The harsh lines of his mouth twitched and twitched again and then—fortunately no one was looking.

The trembling penitents at confession marvelled at his leniency.

Richard S. Childs.

THE NOVELS OF IVAN TURGENEIFF.

BEFORE Nicholas I. patted the back of the first courtpoet of his dynasty and said, "Well done, write another," Russia had no national literature, scarcely a national feeling. The bulk of life existed in voiceless slaves, whose unintelligible murmurs had never been translated. There was no pathetic poetry to express the vague complaints of the millions crushed by serfdom. The upper and governing classes, a vain aristocracy, prided themselves on practicing customs and modes of thought borrowed from France and Germany. They fostered no spirit of kinship or unity. Over the press they exercised a censorship that was rigid and brutal and, in fact, above the dim portals of Russian literature one might have aptly inscribed Dante's fateful words: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Forced by such circumstances, the Russians exalted the novel as the chronicle of their growing history. Beneath works of mystical reverie and beauty, they caused a current of satire to glide, bitter in its hidden wrath; or perhaps tried to invent new meanings for the old problems of existence. Turgeneiff, in devoting his pen to these problems, not only has produced works of rare art, not only stories of human passion and suffering which pitch our emotions to a high and sympathetic key, but also actual indices of a rising national spirit.

Tolstoi pictures the patriarchal relations between serf and overlord with such a rustic charm that the reader thinks an injury would be done both by severing their connection. Gogol is contented with reproducing the barren fields and thatched hovel of peasant life, and exposes only the evils of a system that allows the proprietors to live in sluggish ease. Turgeneiff is the first to paint the serf as a man;—the first to make us feel that beneath his rough, patched, sheep-skin caftan there beats a human heart, and that poverty and ignorance have not stifled the kindly instincts of a higher nature. "I am a Russian. You are a Russian, too. We are one

blood, but different in station," is what the beaten serf tells the boastful Pustozvonoff in the "Tales." The germ of national feeling has begun to fructify. Turgeneiff notes it and shows the awakening of spirit, the consciousness of the possession of a latent force.

As reforms of abuses follow their discovery, "Rondine," his first great novel, follows the "Tales" and indicates a step towards advancement. Its dreamy hero, of noble birth, realizes what must be done and admits: "I am an imperfect being, I know. I ought to act and not waste my strength in phrases, empty, useless words." How apparent the country's need of her children's services! But this spirit of Rondine is further supplemented in his next work, where Lavretsky stands for equality—he who boasts that pure plebeian blood flows in his veins. Doubtless this ancestry stirs up his protests against the shallowness of men like Panshene, his rival, who advises that a sovereign remedy for Russian ills be borrowed from foreigners. In Lavretsky, what would have lulled Rondine to inaction, rouses a consciousness of humiliation. Though his wife's unfaithfulness has robbed his life of every purpose and every charm, instead of hugging his grief to his heart, he cries: "Gone! my life, my joy! Heaven's grief blankets me in black. Nought is left me but the ills of others, my country's wrongs. But with God's help I will aid them."

Heretofore, the amelioration of the woes of others has sounded lightly in all his works. In his next writing, "On the Eve," the advancing change in the life of the nation is noted and remedies suggested. Sebastopol had fallen. The old mass of abstract principles and theoretical institutions had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The torch of experience shadows Insaroff on Turgeneiff's mind and he outlines a patriot: "Whenever he speaks of his fatherland his form becomes fuller, his face wears a strange beauty, and his voice rings in a manlier tone. Then there is no one to whom he would yield. He acts. He is a man." His actions suit the words of description, too, when battle comes. Despite the orders of his superior to fling away the flag and run, he

reproves the faltering commander: "No, I am a boor, poorer than a Bulgarian beggar, but, next to my God, I love my country. It needs me. I go." He stood "on the eve" of a noble career; Russia "at the dawn."

After this Turgeneiff grows bolder. He discards disputes over what may be best, and instead of spending time in dreams of a free Russia in the next generation, starts now to cart away the rubbish of the past and clear ground for solid and durable foundations. To such an end he dedicated his greatest novel, "Fathers and Children," portraying the two classes, Conservatives and Radicals, as he found them. Even some of his contemporaries condemned it as a spiteful caricature of themselves. Yet he was not afraid to stand for the furtherance of right and liberty, and at times his own ideas almost bristle, as when Paul Petrovitch hisses: "I am a Conservative, because I honor the aristocracy. You are not even a Russian. You need to be a serf."

Bazaroff answers: "Yes, my grandfather ploughed his own land. But ask your neighbor in which of us he finds a fellow-countryman. We must advance. Nature is not a temple but a work-shop and all of us are merely workmen."

This was his masterwork. All through it breathes Western civilization. It was read by Conservative and Radical alike: by the first because it was beautiful; by the last because it made his blood tingle for liberty. Though to this spirit which Turgeneiff so ardently fostered, the gift of freedom to millions of enslaved serfs was but the first concession it helped to gain, little more could be expected. It budded in a gloomy period. The new had not yet struck root, the old had lost all its vigor, and as he put it: "Liberty brooded like the spirit of God above troubled waters."

Even yet on Russia's broad plains the wakening is not complete. Strain our ears as we may we can hear but the faintest sounds of the struggle which is coming on. But when the sanctioned abuses of the centuries have once been scattered and the empire is regenerated, Turgeneiff's influence will gleam as one of the stars that guided it from ignorance and barbarism.

Walter Dennis Myers.

NOTABILIA.

Ten days ago the Athletic Advisory Committee voted to disband the Freshman crew unless by June first enough money can be raised to ensure its support. It is to be hoped that they will not be forced to carry out their vote; the importance of the Freshman teams and crew to the Freshman classes, and as feeders for the University organizations, is obvious. But at the same time it is to be hoped that the committee will, if it be necessary, adhere to their decision, and not permit the Freshman crew management to carry forward a deficit.

In the past few years there have been frequent deficits in the accounts of Freshman organizations. The usual result has been a debt hanging over the class—which makes no attempt to pay it—until, commonly, the Junior Prom. practically two years after they have been contracted, a class contrives to pay its debts from the Promenade surplus. is certainly time to end this state of affairs. For the last three years, at least, Freshmen have been forced to support comparatively few organizations. They are exempt from the formerly extorted contributions to such distinctly upper class affairs as the Junior and Senior Promenades. And while, on the face of it, they are called upon for greater amounts for athletics than any other class, it must be remembered that these amounts are not nearly so great as those which any one of the upper classes is forced to contribute to some half dozen interests. Whatever reasons may have made Freshman deficits less blamable a few years ago do not obtain now; there is no reason why a class should not, during Freshman year, pay the debts contracted for its teams. They certainly should not become an addition to the burdens Hard as it is for the individuals of its Junior Promenade. in any large body to connect with themselves the idea of responsibility, the Freshman classes should be able to feel the disgrace incident to these deficits. It is unfortunate that the present Freshmen must be clubbed into fitting support of their

crew, at the proper time for such support, but it is very fortunate that the Athletic Committee is at hand to do the clubbing.

Yale has always, luckily for her, possessed men who were willing to go ahead and do her work, irrespective of what encouragement she might give them. It was in the face of the most general indifference and before the slimmest of audiences that the Princeton debate was won. Of course, we should have liked to have beaten Harvard,—those of us, be it understood. who were aware that a debate was to be held, and of how long it has been since Yale has won a Harvard debate,—but considering the general apathy toward debating and the wretched support given the team by undergraduates, we are lucky to have won one debate. We have every reason to congratulate the team and very scant reason to congratulate ourselves, over the result of the Princeton debate.

A somewhat more popular contest, the Princeton track meet, has resulted quite as favorably as the debate. Captain Thomas and his men deserve the thanks of the University. Whether victory or defeat awaits them, whether in the Harvard or in the Intercollegiate games, they may be sure of the fullest appreciation.

Those undergraduates who act as Yale correspondents for newspapers should have a realizing sense of the powers in their hands. One ill-advised paragraph—upon, for instance, the eligibility of members of the teams of other colleges,—sensationally exploited by a newspaper, may start a series of misrepresentations of college athletics. And in the past such newspaper discussions have helped neither college nor athletics. Protests on questions of eligibility should come from the proper authorities, not the correspondent hard pressed for a "story."

A. G.

PORTFOLIO.

The Man and The Other Man stepped down from the Night Express. They stood there in the cold, stamping their feet, and swinging their arms to keep warm. The Man was a giant. His great shoulders towered up above The Other Man, and he

laughed heartily.

The Other Man shivered.

"I am cold," he said. "Where can I go, Oh where can I go?"

The Man scowled.

"Come," he said, roughly seizing him by the arm, "Shut up that nonsense. We are going to the Inn." . . .

M'sieu Gaillard did not like to be aroused so late at night.

"Nom de Dieu!" he exclaimed, as he drew his robe around him, "Can't they let one be,—ces ivrognes!" A thunderous knocking answered him.

"Who's there?" he called, throwing open the window, and pushing his head out into the cold.

"Two travelers," came the impatient reply. "Let us in, proprietor!"

The light grumblingly disappeared from the window, and shuffling footsteps came slowly down the stairs; the great door opened a crack.

The Other Man spoke first, moaningly,—

"I am cold," he said.

The Man scowled. "Give us a room, proprietor, . . . we go no farther to-night," he said menacingly.

"I am sorry, we have not room. Messieurs may have a couch,—yes,—but the inn,—it is complet."

"You lie!" snarled The Man, "The tower, you have sold the tower?" he sneered mockingly.

"Ah! But M'sieu does not know!" his nostrils were dilated with terror, "It is haunted, M'sieu must not—"

But The Man gripped him by the shoulder so roughly that the candle spilled its wax upon the stones.

"Haunted!" he sneered, "That is bosh! Give us the room,—Do you hear?" The grip tightened upon his shoulder.

The Other Man was whimpering. "I'm cold," he moaned. The stones clattered with the tread of their shoes as they went round the narrow staircase. . . .

The Other Man was trying to smile. At last he was warm,it was not so bad after all, he thought. But there was the window over his head,—the barred window,—and the moon moved so slowly; that is, the shadow moved. Not two inches, he thought in surprise, since he had watched it. He didn't like so small a room, or so round,—but then, it was a tower room, of course. He wondered why The Man had left him. He had closed the trap door when he went down, but he had said that he would be back soon. It was a queer thing The Man had told him before going away. So that gray building overshadowing them was the prison of the Revolution. had seen it through the grated window. The river ran below them—he had said, and the gaolkeepers used to throw them, the headless things—down there. The Other Man shuddered. What if they had fallen on the tower? It wasn't a high tower . . . He tried to laugh. The moonlight still streamed in through the window. The Other Man looked at the line of shadow on the blanket. He was pleased to see it had moved this time,—about an inch, he thought. Funny The Man hadn't returned yet. Anyway he would try to sleep. . . . The shadow still crept along the blanket.

It was a thud that awakened him. But the first thing he was aware of was an odor—a fetid odor. He sat up in bed, and sniffed. It was stronger now. "Dead rat, of course," he assured himself. "Curse the rat!" He rubbed his eyes sleepily. Yes, the shadow was moving. The moonlight had fallen on the foot of the bed, now, and was shining coldly across the floor. "Curse that rat!" he repeated aloud. A strange odor was slowly, surely, filling the room, and he heard something scraping, scraping. . . . He tried to speak, to shout out, but his mouth was dry, and he made no sound. His flesh seemed to tighten on his body,—to crawl. The odor drew nearer, but he could not see; the moon had crept behind a cloud. Still he heard a scraping, and the stench circled, and wreathed, and eddied about him. The moon came out again, and he saw. It had not shape, no face,—a mass, and its

stench came swirling like thin smoke across the floor and the moonlight,—and the thing was scraping, scraping across the stones, to the bed, with painful, formless hands; and the place where its face should have been was smooth and leprous.

The moon faded slowly and disappeared.

On the stairs below The Man was crouching.

Above him someone was striving frantically to wrench up the trap door. The Man laughed to himself. He crouched on the stone stairs and laughed softly. He grinned. His narrow, sunken eyes moved restlessly. Above him there was a shriek. The Man softly descended the stairs and went out into the cold.

J. F. Stimson.

——One New Year's eve the two hunchbacks of St. Martin were gambling at a cabaret. Luck was against Harduier, he

THE LITTLE-FOLK OF TOURAINE. lost his money to Lombrun, then coat, hat and shoes followed, until at length he stood in the windy village street with his shirt-tail flapping against his unprotected legs. He tucked his beloved fiddle under his arm and

wandered disconsolately out into the great oak forest which in those days stretched between the Loire and the Cher. After long stumbling blindly among the great sombre trees, he heard clear singing and hurried forward hoping to make a few derniers by his playing.

In a broad meadow, shimmering like fine silk in the moonlight, scores of Little-folk danced "La Ronde" to their song.

> "Lundi, mardi, Mecredi, jeudi, Vendredi, samdi, Et c'est fini."

They sang, then all would pause an instant and take up the lilting refrain again.

Harduier stepped into the moonlight and immediately a dozen wee hands clutched his shirt and swept him into the

dance. Suddenly it dawned on him that their week was strangely short, and in one of the pauses he panted:—

"Lundi, mardi, Mecredi, jeudi, Vendredi, samdi, Dimanche, et puis C'est bien fini."

With a cry the Little-folk crowded about him laughing and sobbing and squeezing his hands. Harduier clutched his shirt with one hand, his fiddle with the other, and tried vainly to get away, when a gray-haired fairy, clad like a great seigneur, waved the others back.

"My friend," he said, "we can never thank you enough."

"If you'll only let me get away I'll thank you."

"You have enabled us to return to our home."

"Then I think you might let me do the same."

"But you don't understand. Ages ago we lived in Paradise and one day we danced on the Sabbath. For this sin all memory of the day was taken from us and we were condemned to wander until some mortal should correct our week. This you have done and you will not find us ungrateful."

Then a fussy Little-man with white hair bade Harduier lie down on his face and placed a great silver box between the hunchback's shoulders. There was a click and Harduier sprang up, light and straight-backed. He turned to thank the Little-folk but they were gone.

When the fiddler returned to the cabaret, Lombrun was sitting before the fire celebrating his good luck. Hardly had he heard Harduier's story than he proposed a game of cards. Soon the hunchback's wardrobe and what money had not been drunk was in Harduier's hands and a second figure clad in abbreviated white lurched out into the forest.

Lombrun had gone scarce half the distance to the meadow when he came upon another band of Little-folk dancing among the great boles of the oaks. With the rashness of a drunken man he shouldered into the circle, and in one of the pauses bawled out—

"Lundi, mardi, Vendredi, jeudi, Mecredi, et puis C'est tout fini." With a scream of rage and disappointment the Little-folk crowded about him. Poor bewildered Lombrun looked from one threatening little face to another. Then with a common impulse they rushed upon him and he was whirled away. Madly round and round and up and up swept the dance. The branches of the trees ripped the shirt from his back and tore and bruised his body. Finally he struck a great limb and dropped half-senseless to the ground. A grave Little-man came up and looked down at him.

"You came here seeking reward and you have well nigh destroyed our hopes of paradise. You shall have your reward."

As Harduier was telling his tale for the tenth time to the open-mouthed villagers around the fire at the cabaret, Lombrun staggered in, his naked body mottled with cold and bruises. His hump was still on his back, and an even uglier one on his chest.

E. Vine Stoddard, Jr.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Junior Fraternities

On April 8, announced the following elections from the class of 1905:

Alpha Delta Phi—Henry Groff Dodge, Willis Tracy Hanson, Morton Albertson Howard, Charles Sheldon Judd, Edward Kirkham, Rae Thornton LaVake, Gardner Aspinwall Richardson, Dwight Milton Wishard.

Psi Upsilon—Charles Stone Bulkley, Robert Duff Dalzell, Lowell Chester Frost, Levi Fatzinger Noble, Bryant Hawk Prentice, Chauncey Milton Sincerbeaux, John Carroll Slade, Henry Blanchard Spaulding.

Delta Kappa Epsilon—Louis Malcolm Atha, Carl Brewer, Franne Clemens Brown, Charles Jarvis Chapman, Jr., Littleton Holmes Fitch, Harry Howard Loudenslager, Edward Power Sharretts, John Hoyland Taylor.

Zeta Psi—Carl Herman Carroll, Francis Quinn Cronin, Cornelius Edward Daly, Ethan Wood Judd, Arthur Parker Mc-Kinstry, Stanley McDonald Smith, Amos Bateman Thacher.

The Elihu Club

On April 8, announced the election of Alan Fox of the Senior class.

The Yale Union

On April 17, elected the following officers for the fall term: President, C. E. Moore, 1904; Vice President, A. P. McKinstry, 1905; Secretary, F. E. Pierce, 1904; Treasurer, G. Roberts, 1905; Executive Committee, H. Glicksman, 1904, Chairman; N. N. Rupp, 1904; C. F. Kerrigan, 1905.

The McLaughlin and Townsend Prizes

In the Freshman class were awarded April 18, as follows: First McLaughlin Prize, William Lord Squire; Second McLaughlin Prize, William Goodwin Robinson; Townsend Premiums, Frederick Hayward Beach, William Hogencamp Wurts, Bayard Daniel York.

The College Baseball Team

Was organized April 20. Douglas B. Green, 1904, was appointed Captain, and Russell Cheney, 1904, Manager.

The First Annual Competitive Drill

Of the Yale Corps of Cadets was held April 22 at the Second Regiment Armory. Governor Chamberlain was present with his staff. Company C, uniformed Academic, Captain George A. Washington, 2d, was awarded the flag presented by Colonel Frank Cheney of South Manchester, Conn.

The Annual New York Concert

Of the University Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs was given April 24 at the Waldorf-Astoria.

The 1904 Courant Board

Was elected April 24. The following were chosen: Carl Mattison Chapin, 1904; John Ralph Howe, 1904; Edward Stetson Paine, 1904; Edward Hall Putnam, 1904 S. Robert Studebaker Binkerd, 1904 S., was elected Business Manager.

The Board organized as follows on April 30: Carl Mattison Chapin, Chairman; Edward Stetson Paine, Book Reviews.

The Freshman Baseball Team

On April 24, elected Foster H. Rockwell, 1906, Captain.

At the Annual Track Meet of the University of Pennsylvania Held April 25 at Philadelphia, the one-mile relay race was won by Yale. R. B. Hyatt, 1903; E. Clapp, 1904; F. R. Moulton, 1903 L.S., and C. B. Long, 1904 S., composed the team.

The Yale Dramatic Association

On April 27 and 28, successfully presented at the Hyperion Theatre Oliver Goldsmith's comedy, "The Good-Natured Man."

The Swimming Association

On April 28, elected the following officers: President, O. M. Reid, 1904; Vice President, H. H. Loudenslager, 1905; Secretary and Treasurer, R. H. Thomas, 1905; Captain, M. S. Damon, 1904.

The Sheffield Freshman Class

On April 29, elected as Deacons the following: C. B. Alcott, M. H. Bowman, J. W. Hagar.

The Annual Sophomore-Freshman Debate

Was won on April 30 by the class of 1906. The following composed the winning team: T. L. Bouscaren, A. R. King, R. L. Wescott.

The Phi Beta Kappa Elections

Were held on May 1. The following men from the Class of 1904 were elected officers for the ensuing year: Arthur Have-meyer, President; Edwin Clapp, Vice President; Lawrence Mason, Secretary; Clarence Whittlesey Mendell, Treasurer; Francis Edwin Howland, Keeper of Archives; Charles Simonton McCain, Lawrence Mason, Lansing Parmelee Reed, Executive Committee.

The Berkeley Association

On May 1, elected as officers: A. E. Neergaard, 1904, President; L. B. Holsapple, 1905, Secretary; J. L. Houghteling, Jr., 1905, Treasurer.

The Annual Inter-Class Track Games

Were held at the Field May 2, resulting in a victory for 1904, with 1903 second.

The Annual Debate with Princeton

Was held May 4 in College Street Hall, President Hadley presiding. The Yale team: W. M. Adriance, P.G., R. S. Binkerd, 1904 S., and J. N. Pierce, T.S., was awarded the decision.

The Pundit Prize

Was awarded May 6, to Frederick Erastus Pierce, 1904, for an essay entitled "The Intellectual Life at Yale."

The Freshman Class

On May 6, elected as Fence Orator Wilson Shaw McClintock of Pittsburg, Pa.

Baseball Scores

April 9—Yale 5, Georgetown 5.

10-Yale 1, Annapolis o.

11—Yale 9, Virginia 2.

18-Yale 12, Amherst 3.

22-Yale 13, Columbia 3.

23-Yale 5, Trinity o.

25—Yale 2, Pennsylvania 1.

28—Yale 6, Bridgeport League 8.

29-Yale 9, Brown 3.

30-Yale 8, New Haven League 7.

May 2-Yale 5, Pennsylvania 2.

4-Yale 4, Pennsylvania State 1.

6-Yale 2, New Haven League 1.

In Memoriam

Josiah Willard Gibbs, Professor.

C. S. G.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Star-Dreamer. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

In the days when George the Fourth lay dying, all the life of England did not center at Bath, nor did the Beau Brummels and gentlemen-statesmen of London set an immutable fashion for the rest of England. There was country then, too, and romance of a higher sort than the intrigues of beauties, having its home in quiet gardens, and accompanied by the singing of This side of the life of the period The Star-Dreamer shows us. It is realistic yet romantic; each character in it is clearly drawn and instinct with life, yet the whole is as mystic as hills veiled in September mists. Sir David Bindon, thinking his youth blasted by an unfortunate love affair, elects to spend his life in the morbid contemplation of the stars. The love of Ellinor brings him back to earth again, and revivifies in him sentiments which he had thought forever dead. Ellinor's father, Master Simon, dreaming among the aromatic fumes of his alembics, and seeking to cull from the herbs of his walled garden an essence more visionary than the Philosopher's stone, furnishes to the loves of David and Ellinor a fitting and picturesque background. Ellinor herself is thoroughly lovable, practical to a degree in the affairs of daily life. yet with a strain of romance predominating in her character which sweetens and glorifies it. Sorrow was her portion in her first marriage; it is time for the wheel to turn and lift her into the sunlight. From the moment of her entrance upon the scene, she becomes almost indispensable to her father and David. Lady Lochore, a sister of David's, hates her, and tries to ruin her prospects of happiness; but, as should be the case in every well-conducted novel, the way of the ungodly utterly perishes.

In Madam Tutterville we have the comedy of the tale. She is a well-conceived Mrs. Malaprop, but hasn't Sheridan's creation been a bit overworked? She is, however, a minor character, and serves as a foil to her husband, the parson, a really excellent type of the old-school gentleman, with a fund of dry and irrepressible humor.

As the story approaches its end, our attention is more and more concentrated upon Ellinor and David. The comedy characters slip into the background; the tragic ones post away in a cloud of dust; and through the calm of the endless English twilight the lovers walk from the church through the woods to Bindon.

G. C.

The Rise of Ruderick Clowd. By Josiah Flynt. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Detectives of a highly colored and altogether impossible type have hitherto been dominant in all stories of criminals and crimes. Wherever the criminal has been the hero he, too, has been idealized beyond recognition. The Rise of Ruderick Clowd is the story of a member of the criminal classes, who could not, in his environment, have developed into anything but a thief. He is a type well known and very annoying to the police of our cities; a really high-class crook, willing to spend weeks and months, as well as hundreds of dollars, in preparing for some grand coup. Many of the robberies here chronicled have actually happened in New York and its vicinity.

Ruderick Clowd started in life with the intention to "get rich quick." Pocketpicking soon landed him in the Reform School, where he learned many things which do not tend toward reform. He escaped, and before he was twenty-five had risen to the foremost rank of his profession. From this bad eminence he never fell. Always before him danced the Will-o'-the-wisp of a "grand stake" which would some day enable him to rest on his laurels and enjoy himself. Several times he acquired a good-sized nest egg for this phantasmagoric fortune, but upon each occasion he spent it as rapidly as possible for fear that he might be imprisoned before he had had all the fun that was coming to him.

The book is a sociological study rather than a novel. It bears the stamp of truth, and is witness to the fact that the truth is often the best of sermons. Considered either as a story or as a treatise it is absorbingly interesting. But it must also be an extremely bitter pill for social reformers to swallow. If the life of Ruderick Clowd is as true as it appears to be, the slumdwellers of cities must be exterminated before they can be reformed. To reform one of them at a time is a more fruitless job than were all the labors of Hercules put together.

G. C.

Discourses of Keidansky. By Bernard G. Richards. Scott-Thaw Co., New York.

I venture to suggest that the great mistake of the boy who cried "Wolf! Wolf!" when there was no wolf, lay in this; that he cut too short the intervals between his practical jokes. If he had let a month, say, pass without any alarm, "Wolf!" would have had all the zest of novelty, and the fat villagers would have panted to the rescue as divertingly as ever. It is the same with the satire of Keidansky. His Discourses on all things, Jewish, American, and Cosmopolitan, including himself, for Keidansky is all three, are so little relieved by streaks of seriousness that they cease to be convincing. There is no doubt that they are witty, crammed with diverting conceits, with now and then a good epigram, and that they make remarkably good reading, but as serious contributions to Jewish or American problems they fail from the inability of their speaker to do more than satirize. He is an iconoclast, but he lacks constructive power, and, worse than this, lacks faith in self. And he admits himself a failure as a socialist and reformer.

But, when all criticism is exhausted, the book remains a wonderful picture of the mental life of the New York and Boston Ghettoes—for, as Zangwill has said, and Keidansky is marvellously like more than one of Zangwill's characters, the Jew in all his wanderings has carried with him, and in all his sojournings has set up, the Ghetto gates. Keidansky embodies most characteristically the faults and merits of their life. His pessimism and cynicism, his impracticability, are all characteristic of his race, at once an old race and a young, with its face toward the future, dreaming, scheming, revolutionizing, as it has since the days of the Exodus. In all these things Keidansky stands as the exponent of that world of the Ghetto which has become so intimate a part of our American life. And from now on, let it be remembered, our American Ghettoes cannot fail to be of vital interest to us. Nor can the sentiments upon

ourselves of their hundreds of thousands be despised. As a study of the Jew in this country, and incidentally a more readable took than most with socialistic leanings, Mr. Richards' volume fills a distinct place in the treatment of a subject which has been comparatively neglected by American writers.

A. G.

A Tar-heel Baron. By M. S. C. Pelton. J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

Of the many sections of our country which are but little known to most of us, the mountain region of North Carolina is one of the most interesting. Beyond Asheville lies a land with laws all its own, peopled by a strange hodge-podge of petty criminals and aristocrats. The wealth of the latter was largely dissipated by the civil war, but their open-handed hospitality still bids the stranger welcome to a second home. Such a stranger is Von Rittenheim, the hero of A Tar-heel Baron. To his naturally magnetic character is added the irresistible attraction of a mysterious past, of an unexplained exile from his fatherland. All things, indeed, work towards arousing our sympathy for him; his poverty, his perplexity at customs utterly foreign to him, the indefinite sorrow which he so patiently bears. Then there is a girl, whose haughtiness only masks a warm and impulsive nature, who understands Von Rittenheim almost as well as he himself does. And to these two, at the very moment they are marveling that anyone is ever unhappy in so bright a world, enter the adventuress in the guise of the Baron's widowed sister-in-law. But she is exposed in time, and, like the old "three-decker," this literary vessel also finds harbor in the lee of the Islands of the Blest.

In several places the machinery of the action is a bit too apparent. Bob Morgan, for example, had to be disposed of because he was in love with the heroine, and she almost in love with him. Therefore, he is shot by a moonshiner who aimed at some one else. A mountaineer is not apt to be so poor a shot as to miss his man at a distance of a few feet.

As a whole, A Tar-heel Baron is well worth reading. It is thoroughly American in spirit, clean and wholesome, with no little vigor and human interest.

G. C.

Shakespeare and the Rival Poet. By Arthur Acheson. John Lane, New York.

This is a very scholarly and exhaustive investigation of the various theories about Shakespeare's sonnets, and a complete account of his enmity for Chapman.

Upon reading a book of this sort the question as to whether the author has not wasted his time must always arise. Though the fact that many of the sonnets were written in honor of a male patron is no new discovery, it should not be emphasized any more than is necessary. We have in these poems what seem to be perfect songs of love to a mistress graced with all the charms. What, then, is the use of anatomizing them, tearing them to pieces in the hunt for internal evidence about the identity of their inspiration? When we find that this inspiration emanated from the Earl of Southampton, the illusion is utterly ruined. These gentlemen possessed by the demon of minute Teutonic criticism will not realize that it is folly to be too wise. The moment we are told that the bulk of the sonnets were not written to some dark-eyed goddess, half their beauty vanishes.

Another part of the book treats of Holofernes in "Love's Labour's Lost" as a satirical, comic characterization of Chapman. This is more interesting, and less dangerous to play with because Holofernes is not an ideal. The evidence adduced in support of this theory seems almost conclusive, and gives point to much of the rather obscure repartee in the play. Such an investigation adds something to human knowledge and pleasure; an investigation of the sonnets may add to the sum of knowledge, but it destroys one more ideal in literature, and such destruction should be punishable by fine and imprisonment.

G. C.

We also wish to acknowledge the following list of books received this month. Under several will be noticed texts of reviews which could not be expanded for lack of space:

The Macmillan Co., New York.

Ronald Carnaquay. By Bradley Gilman.

A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

The Real Benedict Arnold. By Charles Burr Todd. Life's Common Way. By Anne Eliot Trumbull.

McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

Youth. By Joseph Conrad.

Lees and Leaven. By E. W. Townsend.

The Rebellion of the Princess. By M. Imlay Taylor.

Ginn & Co., Boston.

History of Western Europe. By J. H. Robinson.

John Lane, New York.

A New Portrait of Shakespeare. By John Corbin. The American Advance. By Edmund J. Carpenter.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

The Story of My Life. By Helen Keller.

(Formidable obstacles surmounted, and a degree of happiness attained. Extremely interesting.)

The Wind in the Rose-bush. By Mary E. Wilkins.

("Creepy" ghost stories. Very good.)

More Money for Public Schools. By Charles W. Eliot.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Horace Greeley. By Wm. A. Linn. History of Puerto Rico. By R. A. Van Middledyk.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Spinners of Life. By Vance Thompson.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Robin Brilliant. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. A Summer in New York. By E. W. Townsend.

(Very entertaining. Similar to The Visits of Elizabeth.)

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The Lieutenant-Governor. By Guy Wetmore Carryl.

(Concerning politics and love. Fair in both.)

Pope's Complete Poetical Works.

The Enjoyment of Art. By Carleton Noyes.

A. C. McClurg, Chicago.

Felicitas. By Felix Dahn.

The Souls of the Black Folk. By W. E. B. DuBois.

Brentano, New York.

A Mummer's Wife. By George Moore.

The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

Letters of an Actress. Anonymous.

The American Book Co., New York.

A Brief Greek Syntax. By Louis Bevier.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Saint was to address us all at 7 P. M. So promptly at 7.30 we assembled in the twilight of the sanctum. We were all there—the merry and frolicsome Puck, the romantic and mournful Robin Red-breast, the Cynic looking with mild compassion upon the foolish hopes of men, the Were-Wolf terrible in his wrath toward non-subscribers, and the irresponsible dreamer Urvinvane.

We were not permitted to light the gas. There was no light in the room except a phosphorescent and ominous glow from the depths of the Hell-basket. Amid the dusk, the Saint looked very impressive and a trifle ghostly as he rose to speak.

"Gentlemen," said he, gravely, "the reasons for which men come to Yale are various. Some come to get wise, some come to get Y's, and some come to do otherwise. But all come with a great and pressing need of the cultivating influence of the "Lit.," though it is often hard to convince them of this." Here he gave a passing sigh. "On you," he resumed, "devolves the duty of upholding the lofty traditions of the Lit. In your last number I was not wholly satisfied with the Table of Contents and not at all with the contents of the Table." (Here I crept into the shadow behind our honored chairman.) "There was, of course, much that was excellent," said the Saint, "but I was shocked at the small number of poems."

"You would have been still more shocked if we had put the others in," said I bluntly, and the glow in the Hell-basket gleamed redder as I spoke; "there was a time when the old Hebrews had to make their bricks without straw; but our poetry department had to make its bricks without anything but straw."

"Possibly, possibly," said the Saint with a deprecating gesture, "but that brings us to the very point at issue. Gentlemen of the Lit., I wish to remind you to-night of the duty which you owe to the classes below you, a duty like that of the old New England deacon, 'who never failed to labor with his back-sliding brethren and bring them back to grace.' It is for you to keep alive in your younger brothers the sacred fire of literary enthusiasm; to remind them that every sacrifice at the shrine of literature is its own reward, and that Junior year may mean something more than the right to wait forgotten in lonely libraries, and practice strange phonetics in economics lecture rooms. I am not satisfied, gentlemen, with the slackness of my devotees; some have done well, but all might have done better. Am I understood?"

We admitted that he was.

"Then see to it," he said with dignity, "that your future contributions be an improvement upon the past. And now, gentlemen, I was starting on a lecture, but I have forgotten all the rest of it; and you, by long practice, would probably forget, even if I should remember it. It is a beautiful evening. In the interests of aesthetic literature, I move that we adjourn for a moonlight stroll."

So arm in arm with our venerable companion, we went out into the fresh night air, rambled aimlessly through the sleeping town, and dreamed great dreams of the Lits. that have been, and the ones that are yet to be.

F. E. P.

OFF-SHORE.

Oh, dark is the path
Of the Storm-fiend's wrath
Where the ships go down to the sea.
And he smites the shore
Till his billows roar
In Berserk battle-glee.

Fierce is the joy
Without alloy,
To breast the gale amain.
No pæan more grand
On sea or land
Than the voice of the hurricane.

By the groaning mast
I meet the blast
That buffets my straining form.
Flung from rushing wings
The salt spray stings,—
I am face to face with the storm!

The glorious life
Of the elements' strife
Is surging within my soul,
And with wild accord
I hail the Lord
Of the Universal Whole!

-F. L. M. in The Cornell Era.

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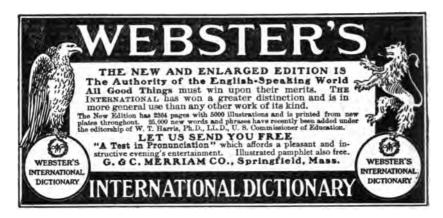
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